forpowder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that. And for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long,

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not bee.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looke you not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good couſin, be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well;
Thou ſpeakſt it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day liues:
Let it bee ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my couſin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and metall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of him himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.
The Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuy your great deſeruings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſty:
But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the breſt of ciuill peace,
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Haue any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to bee manifold,
He bids you name your griefe, and with all ſpeed,
You ſhall haue your deſire with intereſt,
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the K
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My Father, my Vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royalty hee weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,